

## The McKinley Family and Their New Home

The history of the White House is largely a history of the women who have presided over it. Important state business has been transacted there, but somehow its memory does not cling to the place as do the traditions purely feminine. Those who have presided over the White House, from Mrs. Adams to Mrs. McKinley, have been women of high character and high ability. It is not surprising, therefore, that the President's mansion is a social center, and is likely to be pleasantly disappointed. She has been so long somewhat an invalid, that she has learned to gather about her pleasant people, and to make the most of life. She has had the rare experience of being a prototypic mistress of the White House for some time during

the past. The two cousins are a strong contrast to each other, Miss McKinley being tall and fair, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked, while Miss Barber is slight and dark. It happens that William J. Bryan also had a niece at Mount Holyoke this year, Miss Isabelle J. Bryan, and the consequence was that political feeling was very lively among the girls. Twelfth processions, parades and arguments became the fashion, and through the niece of the two candidates were on the best of terms it is probable that more financial knowledge was inculcated into the course of study that year than ever had been before in the sixty years since the founding of the college.

eighteen, who will be one of this pretty company of cousins. Some of Mrs. McKinley's Canton friends will undoubtedly be in Washington at various times during the administration, and the house is likely to be full of merry people very nearly all the time. Among all these charming and pretty and clever women will shine with peculiar brilliancy the talents of Sam Saxton, Mrs. McKinley's cousin, who was the Major's invaluable lieutenant during the campaign and the subsequent struggle with admiring friends. If it had not been for Sam the Major would have been persecuted worse than he was. He will be the unofficial major-domo of the White House, rather as Robert Lincoln O'Brien was for a time in the Cleveland household; only, of course, in a much greater degree, by reason of his relationship to the family. He will attend to the people who cannot be easily disposed of, and save the President's time, and Mrs. McKinley's time, and the wear and tear on their strength and their temper and the feelings of their visitors. The President appreciates young Saxton, and he is sure to be very well known here in

considered extravagant at the time, and one of his opponents, Ogle by name, who had been a frequent guest of the President, was especially vigorous in his remarks upon them. Somebody asked Van Buren if Ogle was right about those gold spoons. "He ought to know," said the President. "He has often had them in his mouth." The table linen of the White House is worth a small fortune. It is of the finest and heaviest damask, and the napkins used at state dinners are as big as a lady's bedsheet, and so heavy that it takes some time for a drop of wine to soak through them. One of Mrs. McKinley's early duties will probably be the buying of a lot of new linen for the table. Mrs. Cleveland has been busy in refurnishing some of the rooms, and that is no small feat, for it takes more than a thousand yards of carpet to cover the parlors and dining-rooms, and it must match the furniture and hangings. It takes about 200 people to clean the house each spring, and

All other letters which Mrs. McKinley received were answered, in many cases by the hand of Mrs. McKinley herself. **MR. MCKINLEY'S TACT.** How the President-Elect Avoided a Leading Question. President-elect McKinley is a man of admirable tact. In this respect he is a good deal like Garfield. But even Garfield stumbled occasionally. McKinley improves upon Garfield's methods. There isn't so much of the effusive about him, not so much of the arm-around-your-neck style, but he leaves fully as good an impression. But Garfield and McKinley would fast a week rather than have a caller leave them in anger. It was a kind of religion with them to make friends out of every sort of material. While the major was in town on his recent visit one of the reporters of a local daily called upon him for an interview. He was pleasantly received and had the distinguished victim quite to himself. The major was as pleasant as the typical basket of chips, and the interviewer foraged in

## The McKinley Family Rooms at the Ebbitt

The suite is located at the extreme end of the hall to the left of the elevator on the third floor, and comprises four rooms, a reception parlor, two bedrooms and a bath. No. 332 is over the reception room door. This room fronts on Fourteenth street and has a small bedroom to the right of it for Mr. McKinley's mother, and the one beyond the other folding doors is Mr. and Mrs. McKinley's bedroom, adjoining which is a bath. Mr. McKinley first ordered thirty rooms reserved for himself and suite, but at the last the order was increased so that fifty additional rooms were put at his disposal. It was in this very hall that Mr. McKinley had two or three rooms when he was in Congress, and these have been specially set apart for his sisters. The family relationship is large, and Mr. McKinley has ignored no one who has had the slightest claim upon him through blood or service. And they are all to be made happy and comfortable as his guests on this, the grandest occasion in the family history.

Every article of the McKinley suite is brand new, and was ordered for or especially made for its present use. Mr. Burch has spared neither pains nor expense to give accommodations to the new President richer and rarer than any of his predecessors ever had. To begin with, the rooms selected are the choicest in the hotel. The walls are frescoed in delicate cream tints, with a cornice in which gray, blue and terra cotta, with cavaliere yellow, alternate. The stucco centerpieces which hold the chandeliers, arranged for both gas and electricity, is of pale blue and chocolate tones. The glass shades and bulbs for incandescent lights are clear cut glass of the finest quality. The room en suite are of the same decorative scheme.

The floors are all covered with robin's egg blue moquette carpeting, with a border of dark red wood colors forming a background for garlands of roses. Persian rugs, worth \$300 apiece, lie before the open, gas-log fireplaces, and on each side of the mantels, in both the reception parlor and Mr. McKinley's bedroom, are jardinières of palms and rubber and century plants. There is no attempt at elaborate floral decorations, only ropes of asparagus over the great square mirrors over the mantels, and in the parlor the finest cut-glass vases—in one a bunch of roses and American beaus, and in the other two bunches of palms and rubber and century plants. There is no attempt at elaborate floral decorations, only ropes of asparagus over the great square mirrors over the mantels, and in the parlor the finest cut-glass vases—in one a bunch of roses and American beaus, and in the other two bunches of palms and rubber and century plants. There is no attempt at elaborate floral decorations, only ropes of asparagus over the great square mirrors over the mantels, and in the parlor the finest cut-glass vases—in one a bunch of roses and American beaus, and in the other two bunches of palms and rubber and century plants.

There are three deep drawers with brass handles, and two smaller ones for linens and towels, on the one hand of Mrs. McKinley, and for the collars and cuffs of a President on the other. Opposite this handsome piece of furniture is a mahogany wardrobe, with a full-length plate-glass mirror front. Over the mantel, crossed to the right, are two ropes of the feathery foliage of asparagus, and in the center of the mantel shelf a cut-glass jar of birds and birdseed roses. There is an open fireplace and a rich Persian rug lies before the grate. Everything is disposed according to the most refined taste, even to the simple and sound mahogany bedroom chairs and rocker.

Adjoining this bedroom is the private bath, one of the best-appointed and most daintily ever seen here. It was fitted up by Thurn. This room is wainscoted with white marble, and has a marble floor, bare all around except in front of the bath, where a soft square of the Moquette carpeting is laid. The tub is a great, deep basin of porcelain, and all the mountings are of silver. The washstand has silver basins for washbasins, and a dozen of the finest handkerchiefs and towels lie folded over the rack ready for the first attack.

At the end of the room there is another silver bar, over which hang several long, broad Turkish towels. Below in any private establishment, even of a millionaire, there is to be seen a more elegantly appointed bath service. One fine thing about Mrs. McKinley has been her loyalty to family ties, no disposition to have her immediate relatives share in the grandeur of the occasion. And his love and care for his aged mother have been his strongest points. Mother McKinley passed a happy night in the pretty little bedroom attached to this Presidential suite; perhaps it will be happier, though, her first night spent under the roof of the White House. Mother McKinley's room, upon the left, prior to the right, and is daintily enough in its appointments to suit the taste of a girl sixteen. The bedstead is of three-fourths size and of the same brass pattern as that of her distinguished son, and the bed linen, blankets and spread are of the same pattern. The dressing-case and washstand are of bird's-eye maple. On her bureau is only a small blue satin pin cushion, decorated with a knot of ribbon bows. There is a fine silver clock of American manufacture, "East Stafford ware," decorated in fine silver patterns of blue and gold. There is to be placed for a wardrobe in this dainty room, but there is a good supply of looks on the doors, and these Mother McKinley is not unduly concerned with.

Mr. Burch will only say that the order was to put out everything into these rooms, and not a single article from the floor to the electric chandelier but was specially prepared for the occasion. So it is safe to guess the furnishings of the new President's private rooms at the Ebbitt are worth anywhere from \$2,000 to \$10,000.

No Recreation in Ten Months. Mr. McKinley must take better care of himself, writes Mr. Handy, and the people, office-seekers, especially, should be given to understand that there is some limit to their demands upon his courtesy. He has a magnificent constitution, and great recuperative capacity, and his regularity of habits is greatly in his favor, but no man living can keep up for another year what he has gone through since he became a candidate for President. Except for two or three trips to Cleveland and one to Chicago, he has not had anything like recreation for about ten months. For two months there was the heat and excitement of the nomination. Then came four months of brass bands, cheers, hand-shaking, and speeches in hand out of season, and, sometimes to the number of nearly a dozen a day. The nervous strain attendant upon election week was in itself enough to any ordinary man long to get out of it, and sound of his fellow-men, however, brought to rest. The 6th of November until a week or ten has been beset by such a succession of office seekers, candidate boomers and men of their requiring at least a few minutes with the President-elect. Those who have tried with tender solicitude to protect him, but he is ten big-hearted to allow anybody to go away disappointed.

Portieres divide the parlor from Mother McKinley's dainty room; portieres of pale blue, in conventional pattern of heraldic shields. These are lined with silk damask of old rose tone. The tapestry hangings between the bedrooms are of the same pattern, and the combination of colors is brown, blue and gold. The hangings are bound with a silk cord twisted in these three colors artistically.

The curtains are hung from gilt rods. In the center of the reception room is a dainty mahogany table of Eastlake design, and by a well-lighted window in a corner stands a writing desk, such a perfect gem of a piece of furniture that it makes one envious. In the opposite corner stands an upholstered low-backed sofa done up in pale blue and salmon flowered brocade.

Three richly upholstered easy chairs in another shade of salmon stand with one wooden colonial chair with its wooden seat and flaring spindle back to match the writing desk. There are two reception chairs with gilt frames. One with a harp back completes the furnishing of this elegant room.

The President's bed room is divided off by portieres and folding doors from the reception parlor. The bed is fit for a king to repose upon, much more a president. The bedstead is a double one of brass, open-barred at the head and at the foot. Over the head is suspended a half canopy top with curtains of delicate blue-flowered china silk. A soft light fringe finishes the edges. The inside of the canopy is a quilting of pale blue satin in a rare pattern, and the long side curtains hang simply down, being tucked back by the square pillars of down at the corners. It falls about a foot in deep pleats across the front.

The material and making of the bed would delight the heart of the most fastidious housewife. The bottom of it is

the McKinley Bedroom at the Ebbitt.



the Hayes administration, when Mrs. Hayes, who was her close personal friend, was away from home.

The most picturesque figure among the ladies of the White House will doubtless be "Grandma" McKinley, the President's mother, now nearly ninety years of age, but still active and taking an interest in the affairs of the nation as well as the people she knows. She will remain one of us of Grandma Garfield, who was so well known here in Washington, though her stay here was no brief.

Miss Helen McKinley, the President's sister, is one of those people upon whom a whole family often comes almost unconsciously to depend. She is quiet and retiring, but of strong character and brilliant intellect. The publicity to which the whole family has been subjected has been a trial to her. She doesn't like the newspaper searchlight at all, and believes, with some of the rest of us, that private families of public men have some rights which should be preserved.

The various young ladies who call Major McKinley uncle will form no small part of the household of the incoming President. Three of them at least are of an age to enter with great zest into the pleasures of the next four years, being in the neighborhood of eighteen. Miss Grace Hope McKinley is an orphan, the daughter of the major's brother James, who was at one time United States consul to Honolulu, and then the Hawaiian representative in San Francisco, where both he and his wife died, leaving Miss Grace and her brother James to the care of their uncle. Both these young people are said to resemble their distinguished relative to a remarkable degree.

Miss Grace McKinley is at Mount Holyoke College, in her sophomore year, and her best friend and roommate is another McKinley niece, Miss Mary Barber, daughter of Mrs. Marshall P. Barber, Mrs. McKinley's

It is a curious fact that twelve years ago, when Cleveland came in, a niece of his—Miss Nellie Yeomans—was also a student at this historic institution, and at the time of the President's marriage wedding cake from the White House was on exhibition for several days.

Miss McKinley was, of course, glad that the Republican party came out ahead, and that her uncle was involved in its fate, but she does not like newspaper notoriety in the least, and it annoys her that she cannot go to the city of Holyoke, four miles from the college, without finding her name in the Springfield papers next day. She is a member of the Sigma Theta Chi fraternity, and her favorite study is literature. If she has a special talent it is for conversation, and she is popular for many reasons besides the fact that her uncle is the new President of the United States. She is devoted to her college, as a college girl generally is, and when the great fire occurred last autumn, which destroyed nearly all the buildings, she was one of the foremost in declaring her intention to stand by Mount Holyoke. Major McKinley telegraphed her that she had better pack up her things and go to Smith. Her reply was brief but unmistakable. She said: "Not a word."

Miss Barber has two sisters younger than herself. Both Miss McKinley and Miss Barber will attend the inauguration, and also Miss Mabel McKinley, daughter of Abner McKinley, who has been living with her parents at the Windsor in New York. She has a musical talent which is said to be very unusual, and will probably be known as a musician of fine reputation before many years have passed. Her mother, Mrs. Abner McKinley, is a woman of fine mind, and will be an interesting member of the White House family during a part of the next four years at least.

Another sister of Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Duncan, of Cleveland, has a daughter of

Washington before the administration is over.

But there will be one drawback to all these lovely plans for entertaining old friends and new ones, and that is the very limited size of the White House. Presidents have got on there very well if they had small families, or were barbers, but Mrs. Harrison used to say laughingly that she had only room for one friend at a time, and Grant and Garfield were both hampered in their naturally hospitable instincts. Mrs. Harrison did all she could to make the Executive Mansion more habitable for the wife of the next President, and she spent over \$50,000 on badly needed improvements. Most of the money was applied to the culinary regions, which were in a terrible condition. The wooden kitchen floors were in onion-like layers, one having been placed on top of another by way of repairs, and the rats held high carnival in the basement.

Mrs. Harrison had this Noah's Ark arrangement removed; the successive strata of wooden floors were summarily landed into the rubbish heap, and the ground was covered with concrete. Over this were laid porcelain tiles, and all the rooms of the basement were tiled shoulder high with the same material. The result is that the kitchen is no longer damp and no longer raty, but sweet, clean, and wholesome.

It costs about \$40,000 a year to run the White House, more than the salary of the President used to be, and he used to have all the expenses of his housekeeping to pay out of his \$25,000 a year. Martin Van Buren, who had a private fortune, did something toward making the house in which he lived more like a house and less like a barn; and it was he who pulled the handsome glass screen across the hall to shut off cold drafts that blew across the bare shoulders of fair guests at receptions.

He had a set of gold spoons, which was

what with the renovating of the White House and the furnishing of the new home at Princeton, the lady of the White House has been in these last days extremely busy.

"Welcome to the White House," Mrs. McKinley, and all of the aunts and nephews, the sisters, cousins, and aunts of the McKinley family, all of us are saying. And good-by, Mrs. Cleveland, we all are saying, and good fortune attend the new home in the old college town. And so Burns said to his friend more than a century ago:

"God send ye aye as well's we want ye, An' then ye'll do."

### BOTH OF THEM MCKINLEYS IN THEIR CANTON HOME

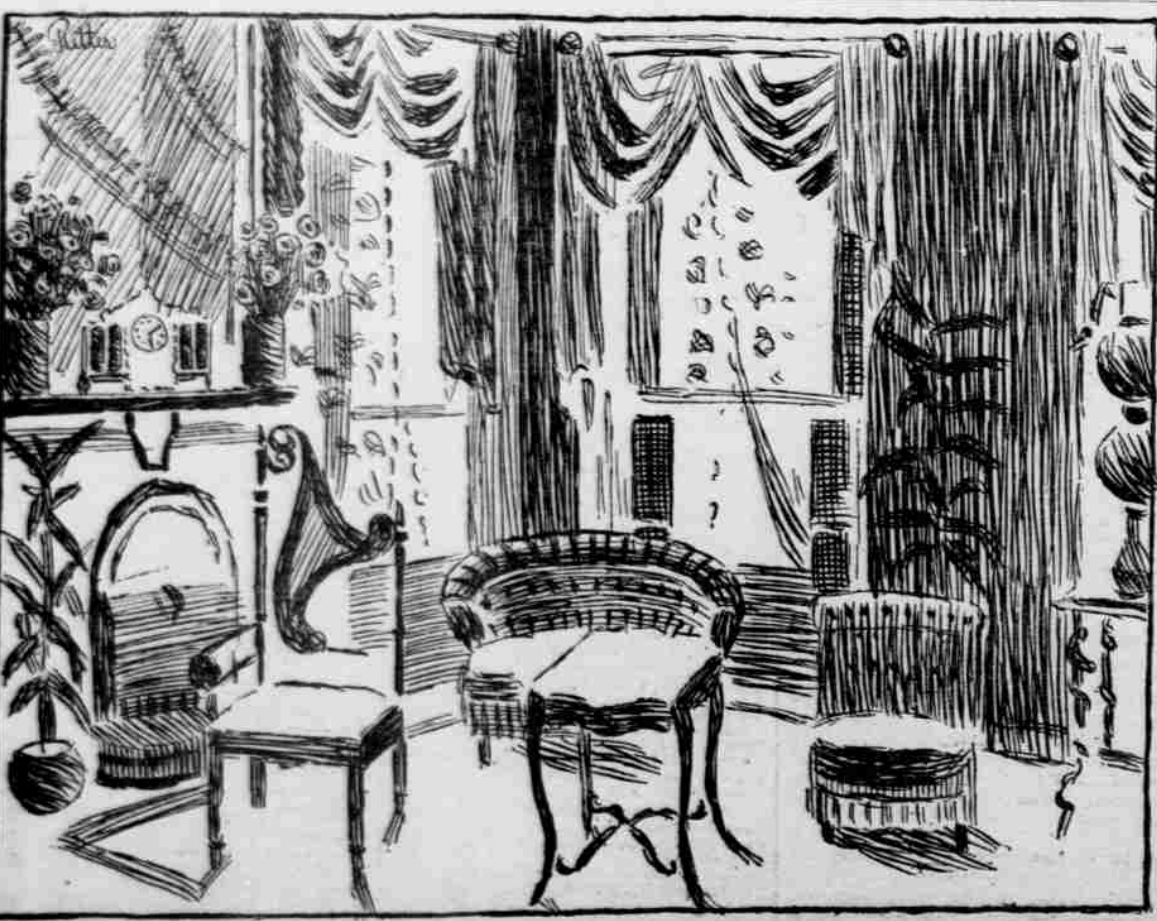
One of the fine traits about Major McKinley, through these long months between his nomination and his inauguration, has been his accessibility. Pilgrims by the tens of thousands have worn the grass off his lawn and the ice off his front walk, and his front porch has resembled a Mohammedan mosque from the number of pilgrims there depicted. The throng of visitors has been extremely mixed in its character. Some of the most conspicuous men of the nation have visited this modest little frame house in Canton, either to accept Cabinet positions, to intimate that they would like to do so, or to give advice about the new President's future policy.

There were Senators, ex-Senators, governors, ex-governors, editors, ex-editors, financiers and ex-financiers. All of these people Mr. McKinley has seen, and he has given them of his valuable time to them. Every morning, soon after his regular 8 o'clock breakfast, he read his letters, and then he spent most of the morning seeing people. After a walk or a drive, the latter with Mrs. McKinley if she was able to go out, he has come back to luncheon, and if any visitor got an invitation to that meal he considered himself the luckiest in the country, for Mr. McKinley is at his best at just those times. After lunch the new President worked on his inaugural address, unless some more than usually important or important gentleman succeeded in disturbing him.

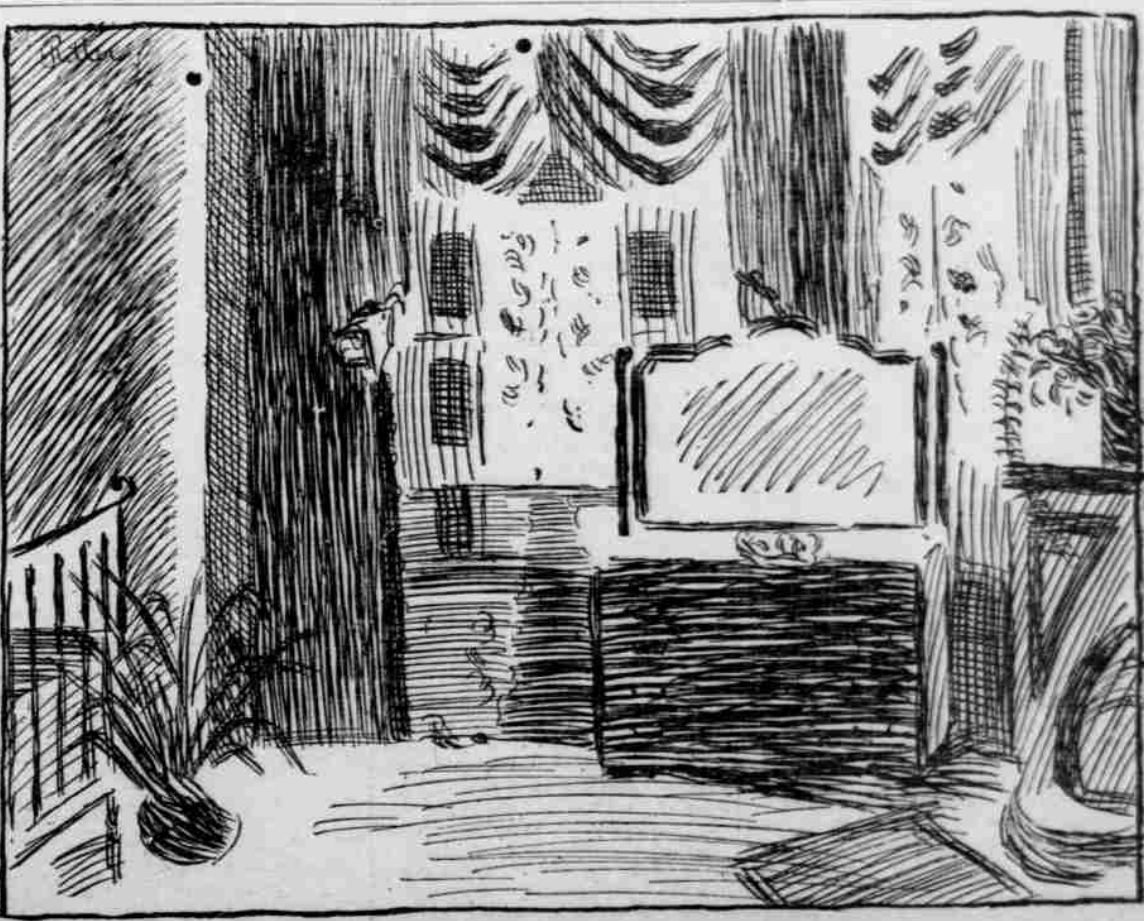
It was at this time, also, that dozens of letters, each bearing a special delivery stamp, were sent out, and batches of telegrams were dictated. Late in the afternoon another crowd of callers gathered, but this time was on hand, but it did not take long to dispose of them.

Dinner at 6:30 was almost always shared by one or two guests. These were generally personal friends of Mrs. McKinley or the Major. Sometimes a visiting statesman spent the night at the Canton home. In the evening friends of Mrs. McKinley frequently called, and sometimes Mr. McKinley spent the evening with his mother. It was his custom just before retiring to take another walk, and sometimes he took one before dinner. It is predicted that these walks abroad will be taken just the same in Washington, and that the new President will become quite as familiar a figure on the Avenue and in the parks as President Grant used to be, with his cigar and his unassuming ways. Mr. McKinley smokes more than any other President has done, unless it might be Grant or Arthur.

The correspondence, of course, came in by the bushel. A great many of these letters were directed to Mrs. McKinley, implying her influence. These were never answered, but they were the only ones that never elicited any response. Mr. Boyle early received these instructions from Mr. McKinley, who considered that this sort of letter proved in its very nature that the writer was not fit for official position.



The McKinley Parlor at the Ebbitt.



The McKinley Bedroom at the Ebbitt.